

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" wife never sees him between times."

queer 'bout this marryin' business."

as if it set him ag'in' her somehow!

And yet, if you've got to sing out o' the

same book with a girl your whole life-

time, it does seem 's if you'd ought to

"You may feel diffrent as time goes

would say Phoebe-as your mother

remarked Cephas.

Annabe! Franklin had returned to

bored by her vacuities of mind, longed

so lively to talk with, so piquing to the

no youth in his right mind would have

when a sentimental couple could drop

exchange a word or two in compara-

various movements here and there, to-

interviews, as sweet as they were

brief. There was never a second kiss,

however, in these casual meetings and

partings. The first, in springtime, had

found Patty a child, surprised, unpre-

pared. She was a woman now, for it

does not take years to achieve that

miracle; months will do it or days or

have a kind of a fancy for her at the

CHAPTER AV. A Brace of Lovers

"If the cat hed lived mebbe she'd 'a' been better comp'ny, on the whole,' AVING was over and the close. sticky dog days, too, and Au. | chuckled Uncle Bart. "Companion was gust was slipping into Sop. allers kind o' dreamy an' absent mindtember. There had been plen- ed from a boy. I remember askin' him ty of rain all the season, and the counwhat his wife's Christian name was tryside was tooking as fresh and green (she bein' a stranger to Riverboro), an' as an emerald. The idilsides were at he said he didn't know! Said he called ready clothed with a verdant growth her Mis' Bixby afore he married her of new grass andan' Mis' Pike afterwards!" "Well, there's something turrible

The red pennions of the cardinal flowers ionless upon their upright staved How they gleathed in the mendow and Cephas drew a sigh from the heels grasses and along the brooksides, like of his boots. "It seems 's if a man brilliant flecks of flame, giving a new | hedn't no natcheral drawin' towards a beauty to the mosegays that Waltstill girl with a good farm 'n' stock that carried or sent to Mrs. Boynton every

To the eye of the cannot observer life in the two little villages by the river's brink went on as peacefully as ever, but there were subtle changes taking pince nevertheless. Cephus Cole start, anyhow? had "asked" the second time and again had been refused by Patty, so that even a very idlot for hopefulness could not urge his father to put another story on the ell.

"If it turns out to be Phoebe Day," thought Cephus dolefully, "two rooms is plenty good enough, an' I shan't block up the door that leads from the main part, neither, as I thought likely I should. If so be it's got to be I'hoebe, not Patty, I shan't care whether moth er troops out 'n' in or not." And Cephas dealt out rice and ten and coffee with so languid an air and made such frequent mistakes in weighing the sugar that he drew upon himself many a sharp rebuke from the deacon.

"Of course I'd clab him over the head with a sait tish twice a day under ord'nary circumstances," Cephas confided to his father, with a vallant air that he never were in Deacon Baxter's presence, "but I've got a reason known to nobody but myself, for wantin' to stan' well with the old man for a spell longer. If ever I quit wantin' to stan' well with him he'll get his

conseuppance short and sudden! "Speakin" o' standin' well with folks. Phil Perry's kind o' makin' up to Patience Buxter, win't he, Cephas?" usted. Uncle Rart governostic, "Mebby vo wouldn't notice it, hevin' no particlar. intrest, but your mother's kind o' got the blee into her head lately, an' she's turrible farsighted."

"I guess it's so!" Cephus responded "hi's nin an' tack 'tween "He ain't livin' up to his name much," him an' Mark Wilson. That girl draws 'em as molasses does flies. She, does it thout liftin' a finger too, no more'n does. 'The best fire don't flare up the the moinsses does. She just sets still soonest,' you know." But old Uncle an is! An all the time the's nothin Bart saw that his son's heart was that don't know a good husband when ject. she sees one. The feller that gits her will live to regret it, that's my opin. Boston after a month's visit and to her "Good Lord, don't I wish I was re- she came. Mark Wilson, thoroughly grettin' it this very minute."

"I spose a girl like Phoebe Day'd now for more intercourse with Patty be considerable less (rouble to live Baxter, Patty, so gay and unexpected; with;" ventured I had Bart. so lively to talk with, so piquing to the

"I have you dinke any fancy to that fancy, so skittish and difficult to mantow hair o' hern! I like the color well age, so temptingly pretty, with a beauchough when I'm peeling it off a corn ty all her own, and never two days cob, but I don't like it on a girl's alike. head," objected Copins hypercritically. There were many lions in the way, "An' her eyes haln't got enough blue and these only added to the zest of in 'em to be hime. They're Jest like pursuit. With all the other girls of trimmilk. An she keeps her mouth the village opportunities multiplied, Wen a little mite all the time, jest as but he could scarcely get ten minutes if there wa'n't no good draft through, alone with Patty. The dencon's orders an' she was a-tryin' to git air. An' were absolute in regard to young men. twas me that begun callin' her 'Feeble His daughters were never to drive or Phoebs' in school, un' the scholars'll walk alone with them, never to go to hever forgit it. They'd throw it up to dances or "routs" of any sort and nevme the whole 'durin' time if I should | er receive them at the house, this last so to work an' keep company with mandate being quite unnecessary, as

"Mebbe they've forgot by this time," gone a courtin' under the deacon's for-Usele Bart responded hopefully; bidding gaze. And still there were though it's an awful resk when you sudden, delicious chances to be selzed think o' Compunion Pike! Samuel, he now and then if one had his eyes open | quite, worse than none. was baptized and Samuel he continued and his wits about him. There was to be, till he married the Widder Bix. the walk to or from the singing school, by from Waterboro, Bein' as how bout him-though he was as nice a feller as ever lived somebody asked her why she married him, an' she said her cut had jest died an' she wanted a companion. The boys never let go o' that story! Samuel Pike he ceased to be thirty year ago, an' Companion Pike he's remained up to this instant min-

gether with a profound study of Dea-"He ain't fixed up to his name con Baxter's habits, which were ormuch," remarked Cephas. "He's to dinarily as punctual as they were dishome for his meals, but I guess his agreeable, permitted Mark many stolen

For Protection

against the serious sickness so likely to follow an ailment of the digestive organs, - bilousness or inactive bowels, you can rely



mirably, Philip Perry as well as Marquis Wilson.

Young Perry's interest in Patty, as we have seen, began with his allenation from Ellen Wilson, the first object of his affections, and it was not at the outset at all of a sentimental nature. Philip was a pillar of the church, and Ellen had proved so entirely lacking in the religious sense, so self satisfied as to her standing with the heavenly powers, that Philip dared not expose himself longer to her society lest he find himself "unequally yoked together with an unbeliever." thus defying the scriptural admonition as to marriage.

Patty, though somewhat lacking in the qualities that go to the making of trustworthy saints, was not, like Ellen. wholly given over to the fleshpots and would prove a valuable convert. Philip thought, one who would reflect great credit upon him if he succeeded in inducing her to subscribe to the stern creed of the day.

Philip was a very strenuous and slightly gloomy believer, dwelling considerably on the wrath of God and the doctrine of eternal punishment. There was an old "pennyroyal" hymn much in use which describes the general tenor of his meditation-

My thoughts on awful subjects roll— Damnation and the dead. What horrors seize the guilty soul Upon a dying bed!

(No wonder that Jacob Cochrane's lively songs, cheerful, hopeful, militant and bracing, fell with a pleasing sound upon the ear of the believer of that epoch.) The love of God had, indeed, entered Philip's soul, but in some mysterious way had been ossified after it got there. He had intensely black hair, dark skiu and a liver that disposed him constitution ally to an artient belief in the necessity of hell for most of his neighbors was willin' to have him! Seems jest and the hope of spending his own glorious immortality in a small, properly restricted and prudently managed heaven. He was eloquent at prayer meeting and Patty's only obfection to him there was in his disposition to allude to himself as a "rebel worm," with frequent references to on. Cephas, an' come to see Feeble-I his "vile body." Otherwise and when not engaged in theological discussion Patty liked Philip very much. His own father, although an orthodox member of the fold in good and regular standing, had "doctored" Phil conscientiously for his liver from his youth up, hoping in time to incite in him a sunnier view of life, for the doctor was somewhat skilled in adapting his remedies to spiritual maladies. Jed Morrill had always said that when old Mrs. Buxton, the champion convert of Jacob Cochrane, was at her worstkeeping her whole family awake nights by her hysterical fears for their future-Dr. Perry had given her a twelfth of a grain of tartar emetic five times a day until she had entire mental relief, and her anxiety concerning the salvation of her husband and children was set completely at life. " pleased her vanity, too, to feel

by trying to save her soul," he special charm for one of her age, who thought. "Phil always begins that had never been in peril. Mark's supeinto consideration. A love affair with all had a very distinct charm for hera pretty girl, good but not too pious, and yetwill help Phil considerable, however it turns out."

empty herself on she knew not what. ich." And Cophes thought to himself, surprise had returned as disengaged as Temperamentally, she would take advantage of currents rather than steer at any time, and it would be the strongest current that would finally bear ber away. Her idea had always been that she could play with fire without burning her own fingers and that the fiames she kindled were so innocent and mild that no one could be harmed by them. She had funcied up to now that she could control, urge on or cool dowr a man's feeling forever and a day if she chose and remain mistress of the situation. Now, after some weeks of weighing and balancing her two swains, she found herself confronting a choice once and for all. Each of them seemed to be approaching the state of mind where he was likely to say, somewhat violently, "Take me or leave me, one or the other?" But she did not wish to take them, and still less did she wish to leave them, with no other lover in sight but Cephas Cole, who was almost, though not

If matters by lack of masculine pationce and self control did come to a crisis what should she say definitely there we'n't nothin' partie'ly attractive a few feet at least behind the rest and to either of her suitors? Her father despised Mark Wilson a triffe more tive privacy; there were the church than any young man on the river, and "circles" and prayer meetings and the while he could have no objection to intervals between Sunday services, Phil Perry's character or position in when Mark could detach Patty a mo- the world, his hatred of old Dr. Perry ment from the group on the meeting amounted to a disease. When the dochouse steps. More valuable than all tor had closed the eyes of the third these, a complete schedule of Patty's Mrs. Baxter he had made some plain and unwelcome statements that would rankle in the dencon's breast as long as he lived. Patty knew, therefore, that the chance of her father's blessing falling upon her union with either of her present lovers was more than uncertain, and of what use was an engagement if there could not be a mar-

Ange? If Patty's mind inclined to a some what speedy departure from her father's household she can hardly be Named, but she felt that she could not even bours. Her summer's experience | carry any of her indecisions and fears with Cephas Cole had wonderfully to her sister for settlement. Who could broadened her powers, giving her an look in Waitstill's cle r, steadfast eyes assurance sadly lacking before, as well and say, "I can't make up my mind as a knowledge of detail, a certain fin- which to marry?" Not Patty. She felt, ished skill in the management of a instinctively, that Waitstill's heart, if lover, which she could ably use on any it moved at all, would rush out like a one who happened to come zlong. And great river to lose itself in the ocean at the moment any one who happened | and, losing itself, forget the narrow

to come along served the purpose ad- banks through which it had flowed oc- platter that stood waiting. She had Aaron and Lois Boynton first came the note of a child's penny flute and that Waitstill was perhaps vibrating secretly with a deeper, richer music than could ever come to her. Still, music of some sort she meant to feel. "Even if they make me decide one way or another before I am ready," she said to herself, "I'll never say 'yes' till I'm more in love than I am now!"

There were other reasons why she did not want to ask Waitstill's advice. Not only did she shrink from the loving scrutiny of her sister's eyes and the gentle probing of her questions, which would fix her own motives on a pin point and hold them up unbecomingly to the light, but she had a foolish, generous loyalty that urged her to keep Waltstill quite aloof from her own little private perplexities. "She will only worry herself sick,"

thought Patty. "She won't let me marry without asking father's permission, and she'd think she ought not to aid me in deceiving him, and the tempest would be twice as dreadful if it fell upon us both! Now, if anything happens, I can tell father that I did it all myself and that Waitstill knew nothing about it whatever. Then-oh, joy!if father is too terrible I shall be a married woman and I can always say: 'I will not permit such cruelty! Waitstill is dependent upon you no longer: she shall come at once to my husband and me!" "

This latter phrase almost intoxicated Patty so that there were moments when she could have run up to Milliken's mills and purchased berself a husband at any cost, had her slender savings permitted the best in the marker, and the more impersonal the husband the more delightedly Patty rolled

the phrase under her tongue. "I can never be 'published' in church," she thought, "and perhaps nobody will ever c 'e enough about me to brave father's displeasure and insist on running away with me. I do wish somebody would care 'frightfully' about me enough for that, enough to help me make up my mind, so that I could just drive up to father's store some day and say, 'Good afternoon, father! I knew you'd never let me marry' "-there was always a dash here in Patty's imaginary discourses, a dash that could be filled in with any Christian name according to her mood of the moment-" 'so I just married him anyway and you needn't be angry with my sister, for she knew nothing about it. My husband and I are sorry if you are displeased, but there's no help for it, and my husband's home wiil always be open to Waitstill whatever happens."

Patty, with all her latent love of finery and ease, did not weigh the worldly circumstances of the two men. though the reflection that she would have more amusement with Mark than with Philip may have crossed her mind. She trusted Philip and respected his steady going, serious view of how her nonsense and fun lightened The good doctor noted with secret his temperamental gravity, playing in pleasure his son's growing fondness and out and over it like a butterfly in for the society of his prime favorite, a smoke bush. She would be safe Miss Patience Baxter. "He'll begin with Philip always, but safety had no

But there would be no "and vet" a little later. Patty's heart would blaze There is no doubt but that Phil was quickly enough when sufficient heat taking his chances and that under was applied to it and Mark was fall-Patty's tatelage he was growing meiling more and more deeply in love lower. As for Patty, she was only every day. As Patty vaciliated his amusing berself and frisking like a purpose strengthened, the more she young lamb in pastures where she had | weighed the more he ceased to weigh never strayed before. Her fancy flew the difficulties of the situation, the but a flighty little redbeaded spittire heavy and forebore to press the sub- from Mark to Phil and from Phil back more she unfolded herself to him the to Mark again, for at the moment she more he loved and the more he rewas just a vessel of emotion, ready to pected her. She began by delighting his senses, she ended by winning all that there was in him and creating continually the qualities he lacked, after the manner of true women even when they are very young and foolish.

CHAPTER XVI.

A State o' Maine Prophet. UMMER was dying hard, for although it had passed, by the calendar, Mother Nature was still keeping up her customary

attitude: There had been a soft rain in the night, and every spear of grass was brilliantly green and tipped with crystal. The smoke bushes in the garden plot and the asparagus bed beyond them looked misty as the sun rose higher, drying the soaked earth and dripping branches. Spiders' webs, marvels of lace, dotted the short grass under the apple tree. Every flower that had a agrance was pouring it gratefully into the air; every bird with a joyous note in its voice gave it more loyously from a bursting throat, and the river laughed and rippled in the distance at the foot of Town House hill. The dawn grew into full morning, and streams of blue smoke rose here and there from the Edgewood chimneys. The world was alive and so beautiful that Waitstill felt like going down on her knees in gratitude for having been born into it and given a chance of serving it in any humble

way whatsoever. Wherever there was a barn, in Riverboro or Edgewood, one could have heard the three legged stools being lifted from the pegs, and then would begin the music of the milk pails; first the resonant sound of the stream in the bottom of the tin pail, then the soft, delicious purring of the cascade into the full bucket, while the cows serene chewed their cads and whisked

away the flies with swinging tails. Deacon Baxter was taking his cows to a pasture far over the hill, the feed man." having grown too short in his own Whereupon the bewildered Betsy fields. Patty was washing dishes in scuttled back to her mother and told the kitchen and Waltstill was in the her the strange guest was indeed a dairy house at the butter making, one fortune teller, of her chief delights. She worked with Of Cochrane's initial appearance as a speed and with beautiful sureness, pat- preacher Ivory had told Waitstill in ting, squeezing, rolling the golden mass their talk in the churchyard early in like the true artist she was, then turn- the summer. It was at a child's fuing the sweet scented waxen balls out neral that the new prophet created his

fore. Patty knew that her own love been up early, and for the last hour was at the moment nothing more than she had to led with devouring eager- had been just then wrought up to a ness that she might have a little time to herself. It was here now, for Patty | vival meetings, and Cochrane gained would be busy with the beds after she



She Sat Down to Head the First Communication She Had Ever Received In Ivory's Handwriting.

ed paper from her pocket, the first communication she had ever received in Ivory's handwriting, and sat down to read it:

My Dear Waitstill-Rodman will take this packet and leave it with you when he finds opportunity. It is not in any real sense a letter, so I am in no danger of incurring your father's displeasure. You will probably have heard new rumors con-cerning my father during the past few days, for Peter Morrill has been to Enfield, N. H., where he says letters have been received stating that my father died Cortland, O., more than five years ago shall do what I can to substantiate this esh report, as I have always done with all the previous ones, but I have little hope of securing reliable information at this distance and after this length of time. I do not know when I can ever start on a personal quest myself, for even had I the money I could not leave home until Rodman is much older and fitted for greater responsibility. Oh, Waitstill, how you have belped my poor, dear mother? Would that I were free to tell you how I value your friendship! It is something more than mere friendship. What you are doing is like throwing a life line to a sinking human being. Two or three times of late mother has forgotten to set out the supper things for my father. Her ten years' incessant waiting for him seems to have subsided a little, and in its place she watches for you. [Ivory had written "watches for her daughter," but carefully erased the last two words.] You come but seldom, but her heart feeds on the sight of you. What she needed, it seems, was the magical touch of youth and health and strength and sympathy, the qualities you possess in such great measure.

If I had proof of my father's death I think now perhaps that I might try to break it gently to my mother, as if it were fresh news, and see if possibly I might thus remove her principal hallucination. You see now, do you not, how sane she is in many-indeed in most ways ow sweet and lovable, even how sensi-To help you better to understand the in-

way, but when Patty gets him in hand he'll remember the existence of his his careless, buoyant manner of carryheart, an organ he has never taken ing himself, his gay, boyish audacity, subject of town and tavern gossip for a sketch of the "Cochrane craze," the matter story of a man who swayed the wills of his fellow creatures in a truly marvelous manner. Some local historian of his time will doubtless give him more space. My wish is to have you know something more of the circumstances that have made me a prisoner in life instead of a free man. But, prisoner as I am at the moment, I am sustained just now by a new courage. I read in my copy of Ovid last night, "The best of weapons is the undaunted heart." This will help you, too, in your hard life, for yours is the most undaunted heart in all the world. IVORY BOYNTON.

The chronicle of Jacob Cochrane's career in the little villages near the Saco river has no such interest for the general reader as it had for Waitstill Baxter. She hung upon every word that Ivory had written and realized them. This part of the delusion almore clearly than ever before the shadow that had followed him since early boyhood-the same shadow that had fallen across his mother's mind and left continual twilight there.

No one really knew, it seemed, why or from whence Jacob Cochrane had come to Edgewood. He simply appeared at the old tavern a stranger, with satchel in hand, to seek entertainment. Uncle Bart had often described this scene to Waitstill, for he was one of those sitting about the great open fire at the time. The man easily slipped into the group and soon took the lead in conversation, delighting all with his agreeable personality, his nimble tongue and graceful speech. At supper time the hostess and the rest of the family took their places at the long table, as was the custom, and he astonished them by his knowledge not only of town history, but of village matters they had supposed unknown to any one.

When the stranger had finished his supper and returned to the barroom he had to pass through a long entry, and the landlady, whispering to her daughter, said:

"Betsy, you go up to the chamber down. This man is going to sleep there, and I am afraid of him. He must be a fortune teller, and the Lord only knows what else!"

In going to the chamber the daughter had to pass through the barroom. As she was moving quietly through, hoping to escape the notice of the newlooking her full in the face, suddenly said:

"Madam, you needn't touch your stiver. I don't want it. I am a gentle-

under his spell. The whole countryside state of religious excitement by rethe benefit of this definite preparation finished the dishes, so she drew a fold- for his work. He claimed that all his sayings were from divine inspiration and that those who embraced his doctrine received direct communication from the Almighty. He disdained formal creeds and all manner of church organizations, declaring that sectarian names were marks of the beast and all church members to be in Babylon. He introduced rebaptism as a symbolic cleansing from sectarian stains, and after some months advanced a proposition that his flock hold all things in common. He put a sudden end to the solemn "deaconing out" and droning of psalm tunes and grafted on to his form of worship lively singing and marching, accompanied by clapping of hands and whirling in circles, during kidneys. the progress of which the most hys terical converts or the most fully "Cochranized" would swoon upon the floor, or, in obeying their leader's instructions to "become as little children," would sometimes go through the most extraordinary and unmeaning anties.

> It was not until he had converted hundreds to the new faith that he added more startling revelations to his gospel. He was in turn bold, mystical, eloquent, audacious, persuasive, autocratic, and even when his self styled 'communications from the Almighty' controverted all that his hearers had formerly held to be right, he still magnetized or hypnotized them into an unwilling assent to his beliefs. There was finally a proclamation to the effect that marriage vows were to be annulled when advisable and that complete spiritual liberty was to follow; a liberty in which a new affinity might be sought and a spiritual union begun upon earth, a union as nearly approximate to God's standards as faulty human beings could manage to attain.

Some of the faithful fell away at this time, being unable to accept the full doctrine, but retained their faith in Cochrane's original power to convert sinners and save them from the wrath of God. Storm clouds began to gether in the sky, however, as the delusion spread, month by month, and ocal ministers everywhere sought to minimize the influence of the dangerous orator, who rose superior to every attack and carried himself like some magnificent martyr at will among the crowds that now criticised him here or there in private and in public.

"What a picture of splendid audacity he must have been," wrote Ivory, "when he entered the orthodox meeting house at a huge gathering where he knew that the speakers were to de nounce his teachings, Old Parson Buzzell gave out his text from the high pulpit, Mark xill, 37, 'Are what I say unto you I say unto all, watch.' Just here Cochrane stepped in at the open door of the church and heard the warning, meant, he knew, for himself, and seizing the moment of silence following the reading of the text, he cried in his splendid sonorous voice, without so much as stirring from his place within the door frame: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any one that heareth, and all that I want here is my bigness on the floor.'

"I cannot find," continued Ivory on another page, "that my father or mother over engaged in any of the foolish and childish practices which disgraced the meetings of some of Cochrane's most fanatical followers and converts By my mother's conversations (some of which I have repeated to you, but which may be full of errors, because of her confusion of mind) I believe she must have had a difference of opinion with my father on some of these views, but I have no means of knowing this to a certainty, nor do I know that the question of 'choosing spiritual consorts' ever came between or divided ways fills me with such unspeakable disgust that I have never liked to seek additional light from any of the older men and women who might revel in giving it. That my mother did not sympathize with my father's going out to preach Cochrane's gospel through the country, this I know, and she was so truly religious, so burning with zeal that had she fully believed in my father's mission she would have spurred him on instead of endeavoring to de tain him.

"You know the retribution that over took Cochrane at last," wrote Ivory again, when he had shown the man's early victories and his enormous influ-"There began to be indignant protests against his doctrines by lawyers and doctors, as well as by ministers; not from all sides, however, for remember, in extenuation of my father's and my mother's espousal of this strange belief, that many of the strongest and wisest men, as well as the

D'imples and ether skin.

aller on the face like file blobbling out from within. The blobbling out from within. The lites. And if let alone or grant alone in the clause of the sales they become chronic, simply the chance in still at work within. It is attached with S. S. S. and the imply in the chance in still at work within. It is attached with S. S. S. and the imply in the chance in the shift in the still is attached with S. S. S. and the imply in the chance in the shift in the still is attached with S. S. S. and the imply in the chance in the shift in the still is a perfectly natural converse or the full duration of that is a condition of ill health makes its first appearance in the shift. There are certain medicinal properties that follow the cortain medicinal properties closet and get the silver and bring it appear at the supreme court, his fallcomer, he turned in his chair and, town, Mass., for the full duration of of the mould onto the big stone china first sensation, and there, too, that upon his gravestone should be die sud-

QUIT MEAT WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER

Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder is troubling you.

No man or woman who eats ment regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become over-worked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

Harper House Pharmacy .- (Adv.)

denly when away from his friends. My mother often repeats it, not realizing how far from the point it sounds to us who never knew him in his glory. but only in his downfall:

"He spread his arms full wide abroad. His works are ever before his God. His name on earth shall long remain, Though envious sinners fret in vain.

"We are certain." concluded Ivory, that my father preached with Cochrane in Limington, Limerick and Parsonsfield. He also wrote from Enfield and Effingham in New Hampshire. After that all is silence. Various reports place him in Boston, in New York, even as far west as Ohlo, whether as Cochranite evangelist or what not, alas! we can never know. I despair of ever tracing his steps. I only hope that he died before he wandered too widely, either from his belief in God or his fidelity to my moth-

er's long suffering love." Waitstill read the letter twice through and replaced it in her dress to read again at night. It seemed the only tangible evidence of Ivory's love that she had ever received and she warmed her heart with what she felt

that he had put between the lines. "Would that I were free to tell you how I value your friendship!" mother's heart feeds on the sight of you!" "I want you to know something of the circumstances that have made me a prisoner in life instead of a free man." "Yours is the most undaunted heart in all the world!" These senman hear my voice I will come in to tences Waitstill rehearsed again and him and will sup with him. I come to again and they rang in her ears like preach the everlasting gospel to every | music, converting all the tasks of her long day into a deep and silent joy.

To Be Continued Next Saturday.)

Inflammatory Rneumatism Quickly Relieved.

Morton L. Hill of Lebanon, Ind. says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk in three days. ! am sure it saved her life." Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second avenue, Rock Island, and Gust Schlegel & Son, 220 Second street Davenport .- (Adv.)

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